

Gifts for Mother's Kitchen and Pantry

HERE are a few contrivances for the kitchen and pantry which will be appreciated by mother if made by her handy boy. Nothing better could be selected for her Christmas gift.

The tool rack shown in Fig. 1 is most convenient when hung directly over the kitchen worktable. The length of the hook strip will be determined by the space in which it is to hang, and by the number of tools.



spoons and other tools which it will be required to hold.

The appearance of the rack will be improved by planing a bevel on the face edges of the hook strip and the end blocks, as in the illustration. Use brass screws or galvanized nails for hooks, and screw a screw into the top edge of each end block to hang the rack by.

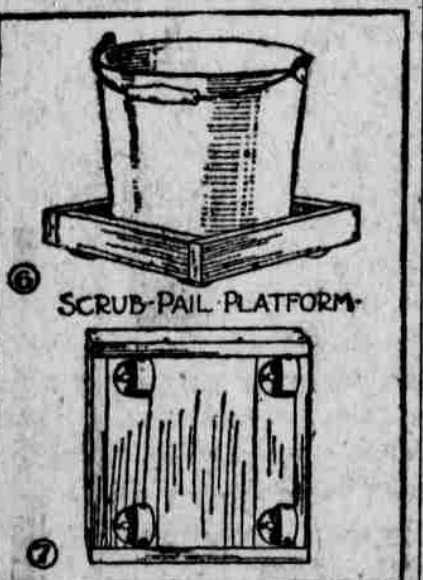
The bottle rack in Fig. 2 will hold four mother's bottles of extract, catch-up, sauces and dressings, and eliminate the possibility of upsetting bottles when reaching for the one wanted. Narrow strips should be used for the division strips of the rack, to save space and make the rack light in weight. Laths planed smooth on all sides will do for the side and center



strips, also for the cross strips. The shelves must be about three inches wide.

The swinging shelf shown in Fig. 4 is an excellent provision for the sugar and salt crocks, as it makes it possible to swing these out from between the pantry shelves then back into place after using, without lifting them.

Fig. 5 shows how the swinging bracket is made of a strip two inches wide and ten inches long (A), with a block two inches wide and six inches long nailed to each side of it at one end (B), and how to the top of this bracket a cake tin is screwed or nailed



on which to set the crock. Hinge the end of the bracket strip A to one end of the shelf supports, or else set in an upright piece between two shelves to screw the hinge to. Use a medium-sized T hinge for this bracket.

In the same way that the swinging shelf eliminates the lifting of the sugar crock, the platform shown in Fig. 6 saves the lifting of the scrub pail from place to place while scrubbing, as it is provided with castors so it may be pushed about.

Fig. 7 shows how the castors are screwed to the platform, and how strips are nailed to the edges, forming a rim that prevents the pail from sliding off.

Either paint or shellac each article after assembling it, and if you have done your work carefully, mother will have something to be proud of.

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A TINY CHRISTMAS TREE.

One Mother Made Her Little Girl Very Happy With Miniature Plant.

A tiny fir tree, not over two and a half feet high, and of symmetrical shape, was chosen for my little girl's Christmas tree, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. This was easily planted in a flowerpot and substituted upon a large table in the living room. Tiny candles were fastened upon the branches, a ten cent bunch of tinsel was sufficient for draping and a further outlay for the small colored glass ornaments added to the gorgeousness.

The main idea is to keep everything on a miniature scale while duplicating for the beloved doll children the gifts that usually fall to the small mother. So it was that tiny dolls were dressed; tiny fancy boxes were filled with tiny candies, others contained wee handkerchiefs embroidered with smallest of initials; here hung a hand mirror, there a nursing bottle, tiny fans, a lovely set of cups for the tea table, a small bird in a gift cage, a new pet kitty, and so on. Ten cent stores yielded most of the treasures.

On the morning of Christmas my eight-year-old was shown her old dollies, each radiantly dressed, and was told that their tree was ready below stairs. The joy and delight at the sight were charming to behold and the blissful apportionment of gifts began. As each arriving playmate rolled in her new dolly "to show what I've got," envy and pride reflected upon the faces of the visitor and visited, only to be dispelled by "there is something on the tree for your dolly."

The First Christmas Tree.

St. Winifred, who was in the eighth century a missionary to the Scandinavians, is said to have set up the first Christmas tree in the home. He tried to show the people that the Druid priests had made them worshippers of trees only and not of a living God, and on Christmas eve he cut down the great oak tree around which they had gathered to offer a human sacrifice. As it fell a young fir tree seemed to appear miraculously beyond it, and Winifred said to the people: "Here is a living tree with no stain of blood upon it that shall be the sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Call it the tree of the Christ Child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall. You shall go no more into the shadow of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites. You shall keep them at home, with laughter and song and rites of love. The thunder oak has fallen, and I think the day is coming when there shall not be a home where the children are not gathered around a green fir tree to rejoice in the birth of Christ."

Christmas tide. Of weather bleak and of winds ablow. Never a flower, fold on fold Of grace and beauty, tops the snow Or breaks the bleak and bitter mold. And yet 'tis warm, for the chill and gloom Glow in love and with childhood's glees; And yet 'tis sweet with the rich perfume Of sacrifices and charity. Where are flowers more fair to see?

Christmas tide! It is warm and sweet, A whole world's heart at a baby's feet. —Wide Awake.

Two Yuletide Sentiments

Your kindness to a poor old lonely widow, or to a child without any one left to love him, your poesy of flowers taken with your love to some one who is ill, your letter of kindly thought to parents who have just lost their darling daughter, your words of cheerful greeting to a tired serving maid, your honest hearted attempt to make things easier for mother at home—Christ said he would reckon these as gifts to himself.—Rev. Bernard J. Sael.

Christmas again, with its peace and good will and wonder! How our friends multiply and increase in value as the day of days draws near! How the touch of human hands thrills us and the look in human eyes! To our surprise we are not ashamed to be good, to be kind, to be loving. For this little space out of the long, selfish year we are glad to be ourselves. We give freely of our love; we offer our labor without price, and we speak kindly words that are rarer far than rubies. Once more we take courage and let our hearts have their way, and life laughs and is glad. When Christmas comes the world suddenly grows better, less lovely and heaven nearer—and all because a little boy was born in Bethlehem. Perhaps—who knows—we might carry with us throughout the year the joy of this Christmas living.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE "LITTLE FRIENDS"

THE Norwegian custom of preparing a Christmas dinner for the birds by tying to the top of a pole in the dooryard a large full sheaf of grain is now being followed in many places in America, with variations.

Instead of the sheaf a little tree is dressed with bits of sunset and bread. This is set on a broad shelf outside the window, a burlap foundation about it being liberally sprinkled with bird seed, chaff and hay seed. This pretty custom is supplemented in New York by the children of a kindergarten near Central park, who arrange a most beautiful Christmas dinner for the little gray squirrels of that neighborhood. The affair is so pretty that it bears passing on. On the afternoon when school closes for the Christmas vacation the children form in procession and each carries a little basket of nuts, crackers and sugar biscuit, wending their way over the white asphalt into the grove where the feast is to be spread.

No detail is omitted. Even appropriate menus are supplied, and no Orlando ever plumed verses to his Rosalind upon oaks and elms with more enthusiasm than the little people who feel their responsibility for providing a merry Christmas for their squirrel friends.

All about the bases of the trees is spread a generous quantity of nuts of every sort and kind, and no hostess giving a dinner to honored guests could take greater pains to see that everything is daintily and conveniently arranged for their needs.

When the little people trip away it is with the consciousness that Mr. Gray Squirrel and all his kin are in possession of a store of goodies quite sufficient to carry them well through the holiday vacation.

And Keep Your Christmas Green

Bring in the trailing forest moss, Bring cedar, fir and pine, And green festoon and wreath and cross Around the windows twine.

Against the whiteness of the wall Be living verdure seen, Sweet summer memories to recall And keep your Christmas green.

It is his dear memorial day Who broke earth's frozen sleep And who for her hope's gladdening ray Forever bright will keep.

He gives all loveliness that grows, The strong and graceful tree, The winter moss, the fresh green rose— The dear Lord saves us these.

Who saves us from the piteous woe Of souls adrift in sin, So not alone the churches deck, But peaceful homes within—

Made peaceful by his constant love, Let thoughts of him abide, To find as our lost home above He homeless lived and died.

We keep the bright home festival And, with a childlike cheer, His angel ushered birthday call The merriest of the year.

Yes, merry Christmas let it be, A day to love and give, Since every soul's best gift is he Who came that we might live.

And all things beautiful are his, And his he maketh ours, So bring each bud that bursts in, All Christmas blooming flowers.

All blossoms that in windows shine, With leaves to light unfurled, In memory of that Flower Divine Whose fragrance fills the world.

Be all old customs honored so That good to others mean, Bring cross and garland from the snow And keep your Christmas green. —Lucy Larcom.

Saving For Christmas. Any plan that induces almost half the population of a city of 16,000 people to save in small amounts \$175,000 a year is worthy of study. The Oil City Trust company of Oil City, Pa., has a Christmas Saving club, which has grown greatly in recent years. The object in starting the club was to enable people of limited means to set aside small amounts each week to be paid to them, with interest, two weeks before Christmas. Members may begin by paying a cent a week, increasing the amount by a cent each week until the fifty are up. This amounts to \$12.75 per year. A second class calls for a two cent saving the first week, adding the initial amount each succeeding week. This makes a total saving of \$25.50 for the year.—Leslie's.

Pay Their Doctor at Christmas. As regards presents at Christmas, the rule is, in primitive Spain, to send a present to the cura (parish priest) and the doctor. Many Spaniards pay a fixed annual sum to their medical man, and he attends all the family, including servants. His salary is sent to him at Christmas, with the addition of a turkey, a cake or some fine sweetmeats.

SANTA CLAUS? SURELY!

How Could Any One Doubt His Existence Who Knows the Facts?

Many years ago the New York Sun published the following editorial in answer to this question. It was written by Frank P. Church and has become one of the classics of modern Christmas literature.

We take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of the Sun:

Dear Editor—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth—is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON, 25 West Ninety-fifth Street. Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man or even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Appropriate Christmas Favors.

No matter what the weather may be, the Christmas favors should carry out the idea of snow and cold weather. One of the daintiest favors for the Christmas dinner table is the snowball made of glistening white and surrounded by a sprig of holly. When these are augmented by the huge ball for the center, which is also made of paper and has a rich red ribbon draped across it and is trimmed with holly, the whole Christmas atmosphere is complete. Another appropriate placement is the funny snow man with his black stovepipe hat and beady eyes. He, too, can be made in a large size and used for the center piece. Then there are green baskets with holly perched jauntily on the handle, polka-dotted and Santa Clauses. There is no lack of ingenuity in gay holiday favors.

Christmas as It Should Be

When Christmas is made an occasion for sending expensive presents of all sorts and to all sorts of people simply as a compliance with the fashion of the hour, the most beautiful of festivals is made cheap and tawdry by gross misuse. The value of the present lies in the sincerity of the feeling which it represents, says Hamilton Wright Mabie, and the expression, not only of regard, but also of respect for the recipient. When persons of moderate means make gifts entirely out of relation to their incomes and their usual way of living there is no real honor either in the sending or in the acceptance of the remembrance. The day which commemorates the birth of a little child in a manger ought to be kept holy by simplicity, sincerity, absence of pretension and the joy of the heart.

THIS MAN GAINS TWENTY-TWO LBS.

HENRY ORLAND NOW BELIEVES IN TANLAC AND WANTS EVERYONE TO KNOW IT

"Yes sir, I have taken two bottles of Tanlac and have actually gained 22½ pounds in about three weeks' time," said Henry Oland, who lives at 824 South Twenty-second street, Birmingham, Ala., a few days ago in telling about his remarkable restoration to health.

"I only weighed 181 pounds when I began taking Tanlac. Now I weigh 203½ pounds. I just told Mr. Patton at the Patton-Pope Drug Co., that if I kept on taking this medicine I would have to get myself some larger clothes as I can hardly get into my old ones now, I have fleshed up so."

"I began taking Tanlac because I had suffered for years with indigestion. Occasionally I had spells of acute indigestion, which were mighty rough on me. My weight went way down and I lost a lot of my strength. I frequently became nauseated and was worried a good bit with painful headaches. I would tire easily and often felt a shortness of breath. I couldn't eat or sleep to amount to anything, and the little I ate did more harm than good."

"To tell you the truth, I never was much of a believer in patent medicines, but I was hearing so much good about Tanlac I decided to give it a trial anyway."

"I have taken two bottles and the change the medicine has brought about is nothing short of marvelous. Just as soon as I started taking it my appetite began to pick up, and now I eat like a farmer after a hard day's work, and I tell you I enjoy what I eat, and nothing I eat disagrees with me. Everything tastes good. I sleep fine. I am much stronger and am full of life and energy now."

"I want everybody to know I believe in Tanlac. I have just written my son in Montgomery to have his wife try it. She is a frail little woman, and needs something to build her up, and I believe this Tanlac will do the work, and that very quickly. I have also been telling a good many of my friends about this wonderful medicine. There are numbers and numbers of people here in Birmingham who need Tanlac, and I hope they will all give it a trial and be convinced like I was."

TANLAC is sold in Cookeville exclusively by Wyly Drug Co.

SOLDIER BOY

Well, here I come again after some delay. If the editor will allow me a little space, I will jot down a few items from Ft. Williams. We are having some nice weather at present. Thanksgiving is all over. We had a splendid time and a fine turkey dinner, and a big foot ball game; but we got beat seven to three. That was our last game for this season.

How are all you Tennessee people getting along. I would like to be in Tennessee to spend Christmas, but guess I can't come this year, so I would be glad to hear from all you girls. I will send a nice bracelet to the girl who sends me the nicest present for Christmas and I will answer all letters and cards sent me, as I am very lonesome so far from all my friends and loved ones.

Come on you Bangham writers and give us the news. I sure do like to read your letters and I would like to be at old Bangham. I had some nice times near there at some apple peeling. Oh you Kid, in Dry Valley, give us the news. Don't sleep all your life. Well, I hear my girl has got married. Too bad, but maybe they won't all be when I get back some of these days. Well, you people on Bear Creek, aren't grapes ripe yet. I am still looking for some. Blue eyes, let us hear from you again. All you soldiers in other parts come on with your letters.

Well, I am looking for a shower of cards and I will write to the Herald the name of the one who gets the bracelet. It will be a nice gold one. And the one who sends me the nicest card will get a present. That's all, good bye.

Walter Hayse. 155 Co. C. A. C., Ft. Williams, Maine.

HOPEWELL

Our school was out yesterday. Miss Melva Wirt visited the writer Thursday night and visited the school Friday. We are glad to have her with us. Hobart Farris returned to old Hopewell on a visit for a month.

Come on with your letters Wanderling Jew. Let us hear from you again. I saw Solon Russell going out to Mr. Elijah Carr's today.

Mrs. W. E. Jared, who has been very sick, is some better.

Christmas is near and I am glad of that.

Maud Farris.

DRY VALLEY

Lagrippe and coughs seem to be all the go for the past few weeks.

Mrs. Haim Brown who has been sick for some time is slowly improving.

Flossie Phifer visited Hattie Randolph Wednesday and Thursday nights.

School closed Thursday of Brown's Mill, with an entertainment. A large crowd attended and all reported a nice time.

Maud Walker visited home-folks Friday.

Martha McCormick of Algood, spent last Saturday with Mary Hunter.

There was a singing at George Mansel's Thursday night. All that were present had an enjoyable time.

Larence Bartlett was the guest of Hattie Randolph Thursday.

Sallie Hunter spent Tuesday with Hattie Randolph.

Fannie Bartlett visited at Mrs. Haim Brown's Friday afternoon.

Mary Hunter spent Wednesday and Thursday night with her sister, Mrs. Maud Walker.

Miss Edna Hill who is attending school at Cookeville spent Saturday and Sunday with home folks.

Fred Huddleston of Nashville is spending the week in Dry Valley.

Deliah Randolph spent Friday with Georgia Eldridge. Snow Birds.

COOKEVILLE, ROUTE 2

Health is very good at present, except J. R. Massa, who has a slight attack of fever.

Plowing and preparing for another crop seems to be the order of the day. Dora Campbell has been spending the last two weeks with Sam Scott, on Sparta, Route 1.

They are very busy on the Goulding mountain working at Joe Scott's saw mill.

Misses Dora, Stella and Mae Lafaver visited Luc Vesta Dunn Sunday and had a fine time.

W. M. Bray and wife spent the day with N. J. Judd and wife Sunday.

Dacey Millsaps and little sister, Johnnie, visited D. E. Lollar Sunday; Valie Webb and little brother, Callie also visited there.

We are having some rainy weather. Tillie Rice has returned from her father's where she had been for a week.

The school will close at Eller's Ridge Friday the 17th, with a speaking.

Wishing the Herald readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MRS. FANNIE KITTRELL

On the 18th day of November, 1916, the angel of death bore away the spirit of our dear friend and neighbor, Mrs. Fannie Kittrell.

Sister Kittrell was indeed a good woman—kind and affectionate; a gentle, tender and loving mother; and a devout christian—member of the M. E. Church, South, where she will be missed both in church and Sunday school. She was ever ready to speak the kind word, lend the helping hand to the cause of Christ and a comfort to the sin-sick soul. She was laid to rest in the Algood cemetery.

Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy for the children left behind, for some great thinker has truthfully said that there was no velvet so soft as a mother's lap; no rose as sweet as mother's cheek; no music so charming as mother's voice. While Sister Kittrell suffered many long and weary weeks before she was called away, let us all be comforted with the thought death has set her soul free to be above the sorrows and sighs of this world, and to nestle in the bosom of the love of God and be with the angels while the eternal ages roll. What a comforting thought that safe in Jesus' arms she rests until we join her on that fairer shore, where we will meet our loved ones; where the sunshine is never dimmed; where God wipeth away the tears from our eyes. Let us so live that when life is over we may wear a sary crown and sing the songs of God's love, around the great white throne forevermore.

A precious one from us is gone; a voice we love is still; A vacant chair in the corner there; and a low mound out in the cold. Leaves have their time to fall; flowers their time to wither, and the stars their time to set; But thou hath all seasons for thine own—O, Death.

A friend and neighbor, and sister in Christ. Martha L. Cooper

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

Mercury will surely destroy the tissue of small and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians. As the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them, Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In using Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.